

July 21, 1854.

Dear Garrison,

78 Much as I wanted to see you, I was constrained to forego <sup>a</sup> my visit to Boston, and to return directly home. The truth is, I went to Providence for recreation, and found every hour of my stay so pleasant, that I could not but yield to the arrangements that had been made for me, in which others also were concerned. I enjoyed more than I <sup>can</sup> express the sense of freedom from editorial care, earned though it was by hard work beforehand, and afterwards as well.

Mary Anne is still in Providence, but you will probably see her in Boston before the middle of

next week. She is going to see her father, now nearly 90 years of age, and other relatives in New Hampshire and Vermont. Oh, how I wish I could go with her; but I am chained to the editorial post like a dog to his kennel; and even if I could command the time to travel, I should have nothing to pay expenses, and so should be forced to stay at home.

Remember me warmly to Helen, and believe me, dear Garrison,

Yours, faithfully,

Oliver Johnson